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THE BUTTER-IN.

HE hunger-striker in jail turns upon the lady who screams in the street and accuses her of "butting in and spoiling his effect." Let him console himself. Public disgust at the whole spectacle is quite impartial.

New Yorkers deeply sympathize with the residents of Columbus Park who protested against the visitation of May-day orators. "We do not want these disturbers bringing lazy, idle people here to make trouble. We do not want our children listening to their talk."

The gang that marched up Broadway from the May-day meeting yesterday, cursing and blaspheming, insulting women and reviling churches, was a diegrace to the city and an outrage to decent citizenship. To suggest that the leaders of such a crew speak for anybody but themselves or for any purpose higher than to exploit their own contemptible vanity is to insult intelligence.

Labor wants none of them. The public turns sick at the mention of them. What they think of each other no one cares. The I. W. W. is itself the most insufferable "butter-in" that ever afflicted

As to war taxes watchful waiting is the word.

FORT LEE FERRY FARES.

MOVE for a three-cent fare on the Fort Lee Ferry, which crosses the river from the foot of West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, has at last secured the attention of the New York Board of Aldermen, who promise to have the Board of Estimate make an investigation.

The Public Service Corporation, which runs most of the trolley lines, gas and electric light plants in New Jersey, operates the ferry through a subsidiary company. So far the controlling corporation has turned a deaf ear to petitions for a reduction of fares.

By renting its water front at West One Hundred and Thirtieth etreet to the Ferry Company for a terminal the city profits to the extent of five per cent. of the gross receipts-which now represents income of \$15,000 to the municipal exchequer. If the ferry fare were reduced to three cents the city would get \$9,000-reckoning on present income.

On the other hand, experience proves that reducing the cost of commuters' transportation results in swift benefit to the communities effected, increases travel and multiplies receipts. It is claimed, furthermore, that business in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street district is sure to profit by an influx of customers from New Jersey to a degree that would compensate the city many times over for the loss of \$6,000 ferriage income.

Nor is it certain that even the \$6,000 sacrifice need be permanent. The lease of the ferry terminal property provides that if the business of the ferry company increases to between \$400,000 and \$450,000 the city shall receive six and one-half per cent, of gross receipts, and that if it exceeds \$450,000 the city shall receive seven per cent. The ferry's sanual gross receipts have already increased to about \$300,000.

It would seem, therefore, that if decreased fares mean increased business, the city in every respect stands to gain in the future more than it might lose in the immediate present. The Board of Estimate should go into the matter thoroughly. It is no better policy for city than for individual to be a penny wise and a pound foolish.

A PICKPOCKET COMBINE.

TOW is it that a penniless pickpocket caught in the act, arrested, test, only to have it filled with so booked for trial, can immediately command bail, lawyers, an much rice thrown into it that he alelaborate defense, all of which cost money? The answer is simple to those who know. Thieves who do regular business in this town have strong combinations for mutual benefit and protectioncombinations with directors, counsel and plenty of funds.

After six years of experience in the Court of General Sessions, in the course of which he has presided at more than one thousand criminal trials, Judge Edward Swann has prepared a series of articles on back on the train and not get off the crime in New York. His discussion of the Pickpocket Syndicate in the gets to New York!" The Sunday World Magazine to-morrow gives an amazing glimpse into
the clever methods by which crook-protectors frame up alibis and work

"Look at Miss Rotundi, how she's on the sympathies of complainants. When the pickpocket is in trouble the syndicate can furnish a weeping mother, a pathetic wife and simpering before the moving picture camera like a real blushing bride.

That such expensively contrived schemes to save criminals from-justice point to organization backed by brains and money nobody can doubt after reading Judge Swann's article. He makes a strong pleating a fool of me as the bridegroom for legislation which will give criminal procedure a better chance to cut through the falsities of trumped-up defense.

May's first night was a frost.

Letters From the People

law Santa Ana at States Island.

Terhune's article No. 5, in "The Story of Our First War With Mexico," in pay the "old warrior," Santa Ana, on warrior," Santa Ana, on Pavilion Hill, Tompleinsville, S. I., with his side partner, Dr. Gabor Nanhagie, one time Surgeon-General of the Mexican army; and also with him was O'Donovan Rossa. Santa ana at that time was trying to induce an emigration of the Irish to Maxico.

Warrior's" adventures on Staten W. A. COLLINS.

New Brighton, S. I.

In what years between 1875 and 1890 did Good Friday fall on April 87.

In what years between 1875 and 1890 did Good Friday fall on April 87.

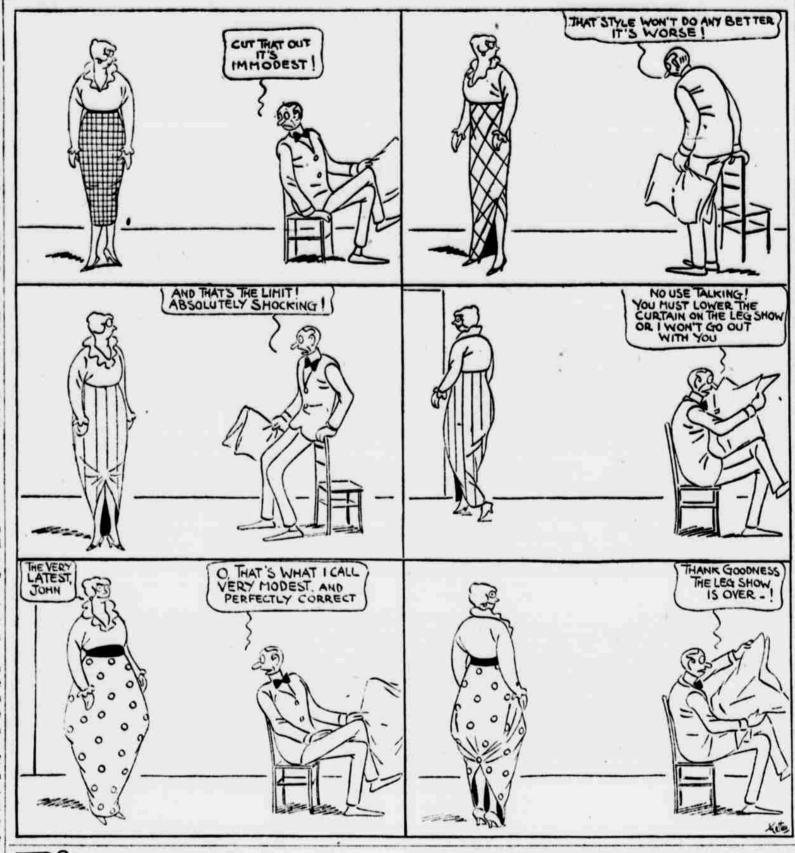
N. O. B. migration of the Irish to Mexico.

speech was read by his counsel,
nas C. Vermilyes (Santa Ana
I othe Editor of The Evening World:
Has the President of the United
States the power to declare war
are to the amount of \$18,000.
Its Ana and Rephase and his
lived well on this decision manifests.

icence for quite a while at New Brighton, S. I. Santa Ana gave as I read with interest Albert Payson collateral security for the loan of \$16,000 certain Mexican bonds (only good as works of art) and a building on the Island of St. Thomas, W. I. which he says "old Staten Islanders An earthquake put the building down may remember Santa Ana." I first and out. So much for the "Old Warrior" Santa Ana, on Warrior's" adventures on Staten

The Latest

By Maurice Ketten



The Mart

Mr. Jarr Dodges a Rice Avalanche In the Role of Brideless Benedict

the press agent. "People in the show | flivver when I had 'The Girl in The | tested. "I'm not in the the press agent. "People in the show business have got to boost and shill Green Stockings' pulled in Trenton. by the Law and Order League."

"Oh. it's all right, it's all right, ing house, when she swe for each other. Why, I'm pulling off "But what do you want to put ME bon't block the gangway!" retorted our hearts and minds an the press agent. "You needn't talk winter and leaves us feel fell for since I made a hit out of a in this thing for?" Mr. Jarr proto to the reporters. I have said you and young and young and young of the press agent. "You needn't talk winter and leaves us feel to the reporters. I have said you. That is humorous of

By Dale Drummond.

watch

be able to persuade him to trade in

Haywood occasionally come a crop-per, and it might be just the time be would take one if we were to follow him. But, as I've said before, dear, what's the use talking about it? I've

no money to trade with."
"How much do you have to have

again I argued, thinking how easily I had taken a loan from his wife. "What a temptress you are, Sue,"

to buy a hundred shares?

Cocyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. R. JARR dug the showering V rice out of his eyes and ears and opened his mouth to promost strangled.

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" he gasped.

MON DA

"It's all right-it's all right!" exclaimed Harold Dogstory, the press agent. "Just carry this bouquet of bride roses and walk out to the taxi-cab with the fat lady!"

walking under the showers of rice.

"Create a scene?" cried Mr. Jarr.

a circus freak?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

who marry in haste. Who trusts to luck is usually complaining about the hardness thereof. Albany Journal

Thrice armed is he who has his then with an air of finality he said, quarrel just and is otherwise equally well armed.

through his hat than through his nose.—Descret News.

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thought that perhaps I should soon "Don't you see, Jack, how easy it would be for you to make money?" I said, calling his attention to the rise sure to come out right when men like Mr. Haywood tell you."
"Yes, it is, Suc. But even men like

Ing weeks before his graduation.

Jack had repaid that immediately he went to work with Flam & Co., four the could never forget that Mr. Flam had done this thing for him. A trifling service for so rich a man, but one usually referred to whenever I urged Jack to try and use the information received at the office to better our condition.

Jack's mother and Annette had

Mr. Jarr was so uses by the humil-

"The house requires ten points us-ually; more sometimes," he answered.
"I don't see why! This stock Mr.
Haywood told you of has gone stead-ily up. Never 'reacted'—as you say-once," I argued.
"Yes deer hou they have been "Yes, dear, but they don't always do

All work seems easy to onlookers

Marriage is a lottery only to those who marry in haste.

Somers?"I added as I saw him frown.

"I asked Amesbury to do me a favor once, right after father died. I'll never ask him again. It's foolish to take the baby, who was now old enough to take from home, but I should be lend me money?" he returned.

"Couldn't you tell him the things the marry in haste.

Somers?"I added as I saw him frown.

"I asked Amesbury to do me a favor once, right after father died. I'll never we had decided we could not afford it. Jack urged me to go without him and take the baby, who was now old enough to take from home, but I always made some excuse. I did not tell him, however, of my determination not to visit his sister again if I could go proposite the proposition of Mr. Haywood and the others tell you could avoid it until I could go prop-without telling him where you get crly dressed. And I meant by that your information, and so make it an dressed as she did. I also objected to his asking her to visit us.

"She would never climb these stairs, lack." I said, when talking about it, and he said nothing more.

He had written his mother and An-

We would rather hear a man talk brough his hat than through his hat than through his hat than through his hat than through his come.—Deseret News.

The man who waits for his wife of make up her mind is merely awaits.

Trading.

This time 1 did not disturb him, as I pretended to "You will have to take an elevator will, like Eva Tanguay or Marie Dressler. Ain't your friend there apartment before they come," I told of what I had said. By and by he jumped up, threw his magazine on the climb these stairs."

The man who waits for his wife of make up her mind is merely awaits.

The man who waits for his wife of make up her mind is merely awaits.

The man who waits for his wife of make up her mind is merely awaits.

The man who waits for his wife to make up her mind is merely awaiting orders.

Many men believe they are getting their necessary amount of physical culture in running for office. Results often show that the running greatly reduces their weight.—Macon Telegraph.

Jimped up, threw his magazine on the table and, putting on his hat, said the table and, putting on his hat, said culety. "Your mother climbed them," he said quietly. "And mother goes up and downstairs many times a day when she is at home. I don't think she would particularly mind these."

Notwithstanding his reply I immediately made up my mind to use their weight.—Macon Telegraph.

As yet I said nothing to him about the downstairs many times a day when she is at home. I don't think she would particularly mind these."

Notwithstanding his reply I immediately made up my mind to use their which is all them."

As yet I said nothing to him about the collection of the table and, putting on his hat.

"Your mother climbed them." he said quietly. "And mother goes up and downstairs many times a day when she is at home. I don't think she would particularly mind these."

Notwithstanding his reply I immediately made up my mind to use their which is not provided to them." he said quietly. "And mother goes up and downstairs many times a day when she is at home. I don't think she would particularly mind these."

"Oh, I know you're AFRAID!" I distributed to the collection of the table and putting of the many times and putting full them." he wait is to climb these stairs."

"Your mother climbed them." he said quietly. "And mother goes up and downstairs many times a day when she is at home. I don't think she would particularly mind these."

"Oh, I know you're AFRAID!" I said bitterily as he closed the door.

As yet I said nothing to him about the collection of the said quietly. "And mother goes up and downstairs many times and a day when she is at home. I don't think she would particularly many them."

the Dearest, Sweetest, as Well as the Fattest Thing in the World, Says the Happy Groom.' Come on!" the Fattest Thing in the Happy Groom."

pyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER XXV.

ELIGHTED that Jack was showing interest enough in the information he received to teil me of it, and to the papers I hugged the him and asking him how he liked it, but when he came in he was quiet and rather moodly, a little angry with me, but that perhaps I should soon let to persuade him to trade in tarket.

My her Jack's father had died—a short time before Jack was graduated—and his affairs were settled up, a lettle angry with me, too, I imagined; so I said nothing.

When Jack's father had died—a short time before Jack was graduated—and his affairs were settled up, instead of leaving a comfortable fortune, as everyone, including his family, thought he would, he left nothing.

A small insurance was all Mrs. Cooling his family, thought he would, he left nothing.

A small insurance was all Mrs. Cooling his etter thing in the World. Says "The Wildered Mr. Jarr along to a taxicate, to the back of which was attached a placard reading "We're Married" and also, as was proved by the noise when the taxicab got under way, a bleigh bells.

But the Happy Groom.' Come on!"

And he pulled and yanked the be-wildered Mr. Jarr along to a taxicate, to the back of which was attached a placard reading "We're Married!" and also, as was proved by the noise when the taxicab got under way, a bleigh bells.

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But the fartest Thing in the voided into taxicab.

were left. She had insisted upon There she stuck, half in and half Jack's finishing his college course, out the door of the taxi, while the and Mr. Flam had made it possible for him to do so by advancing what rice-throwers, and the crowd hooted ittle he needed for the few remain- and jeered and the moving picture ing weeks before his graduation.

fice to better our condition.

Jack's mother and Annette had made their home with Mrs. Amesbury ever since Mr. Coolidge died. His worried over the results be knew

"Why don't you borrow a thousand dollars, Jack"
"You're crazy, Sue! Who of?"
"You're crazy, Sue! Who of?"
"You're crazy, Sue! Who of?"
"Wouldn't your brother-in-law, Mr.
Amesbury, let you have it?—or Mr.
Somers?"I added as I saw him frown. newspaper men and several station poriers, La Belle Rotundi was pushed through the doorway of the taxleab, falling over upon Mr. Jarr, but (unfortunately, as he thought)) not quite

crushing the life out of him

when the taxicab started with a jerk. the crowd following, yelling, and a moving picture man with his camera pursuing in an open car. "I was only stalling. I could 'a' got in by drawin' in me breath and me stummick, but I wanted to close the scene with a picture. I tell you what, I'll bet I'll get notices out of this thing that will put me at the head of me own com-

marrying a fat woman?" he asked of the press agent when they arrived at the theatre where "The Girl From the Cheese Factory" was to open.
"Your name?" replied Harold Dog-story. "Hush! I've given it out you are Capt. Tynnefoyle of New York.

The Republicans have been figuring on electing enough Congressmen this fall to give them a majority in the House of Representatives. It must be admitted that with an even break they would stand a good are Capt. Tynnefoyle of New York.

DO WLAND.

As to "Spring Cleaning" in the Heart. you know why humorists are always such simple, natural, every-day sort of people, with nothing at all picturesque or distinguished or even
"intellectual" looking about them? Because more than anybody else
on earth they resemble their mother, Nature, who is the Queen of Humorists. If you don't believe it look at a "eugenic baby," or a millionaire, or a college professor, or a love match, or an old bachelor, or anything circ that was intended to be serious, but which Nature has twisted into a "joke."
What pranks she plays upon us in the matters of weather, love and marriage! How seductively she hands us a pair of rose colored glasses through which to view one another during courtship—and then enatches them awa and hands us a microscope through which to dissect one another after mar-

But her favorite joke is SPRING! It leads us to so many ridiculous follies and mistakes—some of them lasting a lifetime. It makes such deli-cious fools of us all!

When the Poet Crop Blooms.

KNOW a poet, for instance, who believes that the spring was invented solely that he might use "breeze" to rhyme with "trees" and "ring" to rhyme with "sing." "Spring," he sighs soulfully, "is MY inspiration!" Just as though the season belonged to him alone. That is the way with poets. They are the most materialistic people in the world. Everything on earth, in their opinion, was created by Providence expressly for "material" for them. Every flower, every sunset, every girl, every love affair represents their meat and bread and buns and beer. They will sing of Bermuda liliesjust in order to earn the wherewithal to buy Bermuda onlons!

Then there is the housewife. To her the first symbol of spring is the

strong, sweet scent of KITCHEN SOAP all over the house. She glances at a glorious April shower-and wonders how soon John will be ready to wash the windows. She catches sight of a golden tulip-and considers whether that shade wouldn't be just the thing for the new wall paper in the living m. A stick of pussy willow reminds her only that the carpets ought to be beaten. Oh, dear! What narrow little lives we all lead inside ourselves!

Even that radiant eyed young girl tripping along in the afternoon sun-light and gazing at the heavens like an angel fistening to Scraphim is merely wondering if it is going to rain and spoil her new hat. To her the spring neans many things-but chiefly hats and gowns and hosiery to match. "There goes a hurdy-gurdy—oh, yes, I MUST have a new dancing frock! Look at that robin redbreast. WOULDN'T a red feather just set off that gray Directoire!" Ah, well, let her enjoy it all. It can't last long, little Lady Light-o'-Heart!

But worst-or maybe best-of all is the suburbanite. For to him the spring means only one thing—that he can get out into his four-by-six garden patch and DIG! That he can plant things and then sit back and watch 'em GROW! See him sneaking out early in the morning, regardless of the mud that threatens his new patent leathers, to look lovingly at that hallowed spot, the size of a bath towel, where he has dug and raked and hoed and carefully buried a tulip bulb between THE potato and THE onion, or Burbanked a sweet pea onto a cucumber seed.

Open Season for Commuters

TOW the poor things manage to grow, crowded together like tenement H children (for there is not a spot left vacant) heaven only knows! But sometimes they DO. And when the first green shoot appears through the patient, much tried ground just see him swell with pride and haughty arrogance, precisely as though HE had done it all, even though he cannot for the life of him tell you what it is. But do not try to discourage him. He MAY acknowledge that his business is a failure, that his marriage is failure and his life a failure, but he will shame the truth and seek the devil before he will acknowledge that his radishes and his tomate vines are not r brilliant success.

And, after all, perhaps he comes nearest to solving the real meaning of

spring, which is just GETTING BACK TO NATURE-coming down to Mother Earth! That is Dame Nature's little spring joke. She lets us go on all winter grubbing for money, talking politics, playing bridge and fancying ourselves civilized, world weary and blase-and then suddenly in the spring she shows us that we are just children—just savages, after all, with a natural, aboriginal yearning to dig gardens and make love and get married, For five long winter months we have been taking ourselves and life and

the world seriously—and now, suddenly, we want to get out in the green fields and gambol and frisk and play like youngsters. For five long months the cynical bachelor has passed safely through the fire, lightly resisting the most dangerous and alluring houris-and now, suddenly, he feels like proposing to the first pretty girl he meets. All in a moment he has sickened of bachelor flats and restaurant cooking and idiotic stag parties and its beginning to yearn for a home and children and the natural life-and a garden where he can get out and DIG in the black-brown earth!

There is a sprite in the air who waves her hand over the whole civilized world, and presto! we have been transformed from blase, artificial neurasthenics into nice, clean, normal human beings. Spring is Nature's clearing house, when she sweeps out all the RUBBISH we have accumulated in retorted our hearts and minds and souls amid the steam heat and electric lights of winter and leaves us feeling a bit shaky-but, oh, so wholesome and human

Chapters From a Woman's Life are a big bashful boob. And, anyway, I've got your dope already typewritten: 'How I Came to Fall in Love With La Belle Rotundi,' and 'She's humority to be mean or unkind. But a REAL humory who wants to be mean or unkind. But a REAL humory who wants to be mean or unkind. But a REAL humory who wants to be mean or unkind. That is humorous old Nature's favorite joke. And it is REAL humorou laugh from sheer joy-as Nature makes humorist is one who makes

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

Copyright, 1914, by The Prem Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World) AATTHAT loud noise we heard But the Colonel isn't going to give Thursday," said the head



moise we heard said the head "seems to have been Col. Roosevelt coming out of the woods."

"He brought his luck with him," declared the laundry man. "There was the Colonel a w a y back in the junback in the jun-

polisher, "seems to have

gie, working his way toward the nearest telegraph

office while the excitement over the Mexican situation was at its height. War news and rumors covered the front pages of the newspapers. Then polisher.

Also it happened that the Colonel came into civilization while the leading Buil Moosers of the country were holding a meeting out in thicage and mixing political war medicine.

"While the Colonel was buried in the wilds of South America the Buil Moosers pined and languished. The Colonel's party was in a comatose state. Now watch the Buil Moosers while the Colonel's party was in a comatose wake up and frisk about. The life of the organization is within reaching distance.

pany in the publicity guy?"

Mr. Jarr felt that he would be there with a wallop FOR the publicity guy.

"What do you mean getting my renders the Bull Moosers so feroclous that they may feel impelled to go out and devour the Republicans party.

"The Republicans have been figuring on electing enough Congressmen ing on electing enough Congressmen. for the Colonel with more or less he didn't, because we he equanimity. The more ginger he anything about it since."

puts into the Progressive movement the better it will be for the Dema-

Made While You Wait. HE Becker trial ought to

keep the public interes next week," said the bead

front pages of the newspapers. Then came the mediation proposition and the war news and rumors promptly shrunk.

"Just at the psychological moment the Colonel got on the wire. Furthermore, he got on the front pages of the newspapers. In addition, to make his arrival all the more space-compelling, at it were, he was able to say that he had been ill but was feeling bully. Also it happened that the Colonel came into civilization while the lead.

A Double Privilege.

667 SEE," said the head polish "that John D. jr. insists th the workingman shall pick

own employer." "Yes," said the laundryman, of more importance to the a fellers, accept whatever pay his ployer offers,"